

THE
BLATANT-BEAST.

A

P O E M.

*What is that Blatant-Beast? Then he reply'd.
It is a Monster bred of bellish Race,
Then answered he, which often hath annoy'd
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroy'd.*

SPENCER's *Fairy Queen*, Book VI. Canto I.

*No Might, no Greatness in Mortality
Can Censure 'scape: Back-wounding Calumny
The whitest Virtue strikes. What King so strong,
Can tye the Gall up in a sland'rous Tongue?*

SHAKESPEAR,



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBINSON, at the *Golden Lyon* in *Ludgate-street*.

M DCC XLII.

3 H 2

15476. 292 F. M.

BY LAVAV-SEAST.

Harvard College Library

The gift of Friends of the Library

March 21, 1931

MEOD

17. May 1919. The following is a list of the
Chambers of Commerce of the following
cities in the State of New Mexico:

Philippe, "Reaktionen in der Chemie", 1974, 11, 101-106.

HISTOCOM

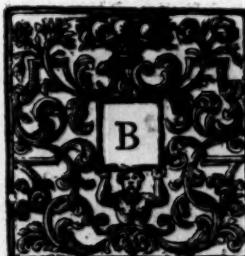


THE

BLATANT-BEAST.

A

POEM.



EAUTY, the fondling Mother's eat-
neill lieft Pray'r,
Nature's kind Gift to sweeten worldly
Care.

Beauty the greatest Extasy imparts,
Steals thro' our Eyes, and revels in our Hearts;
Adds Lustre to a Crown, gives Weight to Sense,
The Orator affists in Truth's Defence.
The very Fool our Hearts resistless warms,
And while we curse the Tongue, the Figure charms.
If Beauty be the Subject of our Praise,
A rude, mishapen Lump Contempt must raise.

WHEN

WHEN *Lucifer* with Angels held first Place,
 Seraphic Beauty sparkled in his Face.
 By Pride and Malice tempted to rebel,
 Vengeance purſu'd him to the lowest Hell :
 Not ſulph'rous Lakes ſuffic'd, nor dreary Plains ;
 Deformity was join'd t' improve his Pains.

PAINT then the Person, and expose the Mind,
 Who rails at others, to his own Faults blind.
 Sly *Sancho*'s Paunch, meagre *Don Quixot*'s Love,
 The Satyr and the Ridicule improve.
 So when fam'd *Butler* wou'd Rebellion paint,
 He laſht the Traitor and the Mimic Saint.
 Sir *Hudibras* he ſung ; the crumpled Wight,
 Contempt and Laughter ever will excite.

THE Blatant-Beaſt once more has broke his Chains,
 Disperſes Falſhoods, and remorseleſs reigns,
 Scornful of all thy Verſes dare design,
 (Where uſeless Epithets crowd ev'ry Line,) The Beaſt
 The Blatant-Beaſt ſhall be afresh purſu'd,
 Nor ceaſe my Labours till again ſubdu'd.

Distorted Elf! to Nature a Disgrace,
 Thy Mind envenom'd pictur'd in thy Face,
 Malice with Envy in thy Breast combines,
 And in thy Visage grav'd those ghastly Lines,
 Like Plagues, like Death thy ranç'ous Arrows fly,
 At Good and Bad, at Friend and Enemy,
 To thy own Breast recoils the erring Dart,
 Corrupts thy Blood, and rankles in thy Heart,
 There swell the Poisons which thy Breast distend,
 And with the Load thy Mountain Shoulders bend. (a)
 Horrid to view! retire from human Sight,
 Nor with thy Figure pregnant Dames affright,
 Crawl thro' thy childish Grot, growl round thy Grove,
 A Foe to Man, an Antidote to Love.

In Curses waste thy Time instead of Pray'r,
 (a) And with thy Breath pollute the fragrant Air.
 There doze o'er *Shakespear*; then thy Blunders fell
 (b) At mighty Price; this Truth let *Tonson* tell.
 Then frontless intimate, (oh perjur'd Bard!)
 Thy Labours were bestow'd without Reward.
 On that immortal Author wreak thy Spite,
 (c) And on his Monument thy Nonsense write.

B

Should

(a) It is surely allowable to treat a Man after this manner who abuses all others, and to make this just Reflexion, since in his new *Dunciad* he not only calls *Mimpius* a Fool, but uses this filthy Expression — who stinks above the Ground.

(b) See this farther explained in the ingenious Dialogues of *Sawney* and *Colley*.

(c) Tho' he was informed that Wreck was improper, yet he was resolv'd it should be inscrib'd, because the Nonsense was in his Edition of *Shakespear*.

Should *Theobald* thy presumptuous Errors shew,
 Be thou to *Theobald* an inveterate Foe.
Cibber shall, foremost in thy Satyrs stand;
 His Plays succeed, and thine was justly damn'd.
 But *Colley* call him, when thou wouldst declaim;
 Great is the Jeſt that lies in *Colley's* Name.

Beware all ye, whom he as Friends careſt,
 How ye entrust your Secrets to his Breast.
 (a) On Backs of Letters was his *Homer* wrote,
 All your Affairs disclos'd to save a Groat.
 He val'd not to whom he gave Offence;
 He sav'd his Paper, tho' at your Expence.

But ſhall a low-born Wretch the best traduce,
 And call it Poetry, because Abuse? (a)
 The Heav'n-born Muse, by Truth and Justice ſway'd,
 To falſe Alperſions ne'er vouchſafes her Aid.
 When unprovok'd, not vengeful Wasps moleſt,
 Nor daſt their Stings, when undiſturb'd their Nest.
 Thy Muse, by *Virgil's* Harpies taught to write,
 Scatters her Ordure in her ſcreaming Flight;

Sacred

(a) When he ſent his *Homer* to his Acquaintance for their Emendations, it was written on the Back of the Letters of his Correspondents, whether of Buſineſs, Complement or Secrecy. A shameful Instance of Avarice and Treachery!

Sacred Religion and her Priests defames, and shad yd
And against Monarchs faulcily exclames.

(a) The Fathers, of our Church the surest Guides,

As a poor Pack of Punsters she derides.

But chief *Q. Cam'* and *Isis'* dread her Frown,

(b) Chain'd to the Footstool of the Goddess' Throne.

No Order, no Degree escapes her Rage,

And dull, and dull, and dull swells ev'ry Page.

Thirsty, she Pois'n draws from ev'ry Flow'r,

Like Satan, seeks whom next she may devour.

So have I seen a Dog distracted roam;

He bites, he snaps at all, disgorging Foam.

The frighten'd Passenger the Danger flies,

And sees the Pois'n flashing from his Eyes.

Till some stout Dray-man dashes out his Brains,

And his corrupted Blood the Kennel stains.

Thy Notes pedantic shall no more engage;

Arbuthnot's Wit enlivens not the Page.

Thy Muse, that Prostitute abandon'd Jade,

Now flounders in the Mire without *Swift's* Aid.

Thy

Wit

(a) Vide Notes on the new *Dunciad*.

(b) Goddess of Dullness.

Thy base Invectives Men no more regard;
With just Disdain thy Scare-Crow Muse is heard.

So when the latent Seeds their Fruits display,
And gain fresh Vigour from a genial Ray:
The careful Hind a monarchous Figure frames,
From various Rags unwonted Terror streams.
The feather'd Cholifers in Flocks retreat,
And at a Distance view the tempting Bait.
At length grown bold, they perch upon his Head,
And with their Meute bedawb what late they fled.

B-ns-n abuse for raising *Milton's Bust*,
And impiously molest Team'd *Johnson's Dust*.
Religious, he the Psalms in Latin sing,
From hence the Malice of the Deist sprung.
While with a just Detision we survey,
Thy wretched Epitaph on poor *John Gay*.

HAD Peter, *Charters* thee with Gold supply'd,
Peter and *Charters* had been ideify'd.
But ev'ry Lord, each gen'rous Friend implore,
And by Subscriptions meanly swell thy Store.

When to the Town by sordid Int'rest led,

Mump for a Dinner, flatter for a Bed.

Then to thy Grot retire, indulge thy Spite,

And rail at those who for Subsistence write.

Summon thy Rage, invoke thy scurril Muse,

With keenest Malice *Addison* abuse.

Sculking, the Scandal privately disperse,

(a) Then own in Prose the Baseness of thy Verse.

So e're *Arachne* to her Cell repairs,

Infidiously she weaves her glewy Snares.

Sullen, she meditates on Deaths to come,

And meliorates the Poison in her Womb.

(b) Should hapless *Clarion* thither take his Flight,

He falls her Prey, mindful of antient Spite.

With Malice swoll'n, Pride, Envy, Avarice,

Ingratitude attends this Train to Vice.

Yet one remains untold; with Lust endu'd,

Behold the Fribler lab'ring to be lewd.

Kind *Cibber* interpos'd, forbad the Banns,

He'd peopled else this Isle with *Calibans*.

(a) He writ a vile Lampoon on Mr. *Addison*, and then in a Preface owns, he deserves Respect from every Lover of Learning.

(b) *Vide* Spencer's *Fate of the Butterfly*.

(a) The noble *Timon*, in thy waspish Strains,
 A Proof of thy Ingratitude remains.
 Courteous to all, munificent, humane,
 Subject of others Praise, to thee of Pain.
 Exalted far above thy groveling State,
 The Object of his Pity, not his Hate.
 He smiles at Scandal so unjustly thrown,
 And at thy Malice he disdains to frown.

Thus oft we see a currish, Mungrel Crew,
 A stately Mastiff eagerly pursue.
 They swarm around, they yelp, they snarl, they grin,
 Bold in Appearance, timerous within :
 With such mean Foes he deigns not to engage,
 But lifts his Leg, and pisses out their Rage.

How dar'st thou, Peasant, give thy Pen this Loose ?
 Becomes it thee thus madly to traduce ?
 The Great, the Low, the Virtuous, and the Base,
 Alike are grown thy Subject of Disgrace.
 Safe in thy Weakness, thou def'st a Foe ;
 E'en (b) *Cibber's* Cudgel scorn'd to stoop so low.

(a) *Vide a Poem on Taste.*

(b) *Vide Cibber's Letter to Pope.*

The Mercy of the Law restrains thy Fears ;
 Coventry's Act secures thy Nose and Ears.

Yet there remains, to fill thy Soul with Care,
 A Blanket to curvet thee in the Air.

O wretched Life consum'd in restless Pains,
 Where Dread of Punishment incessant reigns !
 Poor Self-Tormentor ! in whose gloomy Breast
 The Vulture dwells, inhospitable Guest,
 Be to my Foe no greater Curse assign'd
 Than a malignant Heart and envious Mind.

Thrice happy he ! that's with Good Nature blest,
 Love of his Species rules his tender Breast ;
 Nor there confin'd : The Brute Creation share
 His kind Beneficence and gen'rrous Care.

No base malicious Thoughts his Peace annoy :
 Are others happy ? he partakes their Joy.
 Clearful and innocent the Day he spends,
 And Silver Sleep his quiet Nights attends.

But thou, a Stranger to this Peace of Mind,
 Search where thou may'ft conspicuous Merit find :
 There strive to blacken with thy utmost Art,
 And rail the more, the greater the Desert.

Is there a Man, an Honour to the Age,
 Unfusly'd by the keenest Party-rage ;
 By Vice untainted ; who, from early Youth,
 Firmly adher'd to Honour, Justice, Truth ;
 Whom no unruly Passions e're cou'd blind,
 Nor ruffle his Serenity of Mind ;
 His Country's Good, the Patriot's noblest View,
 Unbrib'd, unaw'd, does stedfastly pursue ;
 Polite in Manners, and rever'd his Sense,
 And long in Senates fam'd for Eloquence ;
 But if to these Endowments of the Mind,
 A graceful Figure happily is join'd,
 Then flows thy Gall, then raves thy half-form'd Clay,
 Then frets thy putrid Carcass to Decay.

So when the croaking Toad the Ox beheld,
 His envious Heart with Indignation swell'd.
 Vainly the Reptil thought he could extend
 His bloated Form, and Nature's Error mend.

He drew his Breath ; he swell'd—he burst ; he dy'd
 A Victim to his Arrogance and Pride.

F I N I S.